

LITTLE KENNETH'S TEXT.

Our Kenneth went to Sunday-school
One pleasant day. He was but three;
But in his brand-new hat and coat
He felt quite like a man, you see.

His little text he learned so well
That grandma heard it with delight;
Kissing his rosy cheeks, she said,
"Now you'll be sure to say it right."

Among the troops of little ones
That round the teacher's smiling face
Were filling every vacant chair,
He quite demurely found a place.

And now what do you think he said,
When asked if he his lesson knew?
"Honour my papa and mamma,
And honour my nice grandma, too."

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TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 22, 1888.

A SHORT STUDY FOR BOYS.

The life of Charles O'Connor, the eminent lawyer, shows what diligence and perseverance will accomplish.

When eight years old he was an office boy and a newspaper carrier. His father published a weekly newspaper, and Charles, besides attending in the office, delivered journals to subscribers in New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City. He used a skiff to cross the rivers, and frequently would be out all Saturday night serving his route. It is said that he never missed a subscriber.

When seventeen years old he entered a lawyer's office as an errand-boy. He borrowed law-books, took them home, and read them by the light of a candle far into the night. Several lawyers noticing the boy's industry, aided him in his studies.

When he was twenty-four years old he

was admitted to the bar, and even then it was said that young O'Connor's legal opinion was worth more than that of many other lawyers.

But success comes slowly to a young lawyer, and it was not until his thirtieth year that clients recognized the legal learning and skill of O'Connor. He was very poor, but industry and ability were his capital. He worked hard at the smallest cases, never slighting any trust, and in time secured the reputation of a man who would do his best for those employing him. To this conscientiousness and industry he owed his success.

A TRUE STORY FOR BOYS.

ONE afternoon religious services were held at the McAulay Mission, on Water Street, in the city of New York. One man after another arose in the meeting, and gave testimony to the power of Jesus Christ's grace in breaking the chains that liquor had forged about his soul. Many had been in the lowest depths that a slavery to the accursed traffic could bring them. Some were spending their first Christmas for many years, clothed and in their right minds—sinners saved by grace.

After a number of testimonies had been given, a man about thirty-three years old got up and said that he wished to bear testimony to the goodness and the mercy of the Lord to him. He directed his conversation particularly to the boys and young men in the room, warning them against the first glass of liquor. He told them that the first glass of liquor he drank made him a murderer. It was his first Christmas outside of the prison walls in sixteen years! Sixteen years ago he had killed a young man in a quarrel in a saloon.

Both of them were under the influence of liquor at the time. He was arrested and tried for murder, only his extreme youth saving him from the gallows. He was sentenced to imprisonment for life. But after sixteen years, owing to good behaviour and the intercession of his friends, aided by the influence of the father and mother whose son he had killed, he was released.

"One night," said he, "I received word to come to the Warden's office the next morning. I did not know what he wanted of me, and when I went into his office the next day, judge of my surprise when he said: 'James, you are a free man; you are pardoned.' I cannot tell you how I felt when I walked out of the gate and found myself for the first time in sixteen years a free man. The first thing I did when I got out was to telegraph my dear old mother:

'Mother, I am pardoned; I am coming home.' My mother was a good Christian mother and had done her duty in trying to bring her boy up in the fear of the Lord; but when I left my country home and came to the city I fell in with evil companions, and I followed their instructions rather than the warnings and teachings of my good mother. I thought it would make a man of me to drink liquor, but it made me a murderer. I knew my mother would ask me the first thing how it was with my soul, and I was glad to be able to tell her that Jesus Christ had visited me in my prison cell, and that through his grace and mercy I felt that my sins had been forgiven. But I thought that I could never look into the face of that poor mother whose son's life I had taken, and I kept out of her way. But she found me, and as soon as she saw me she put her arms around my neck, and said: 'All is forgiven. Do all you can now to save young men from the curse of liquor.' What wonderful grace is that of our Lord, which enabled that mother to forgive me and even work to get me pardoned! And now, by the grace of God, the rest of the time I have to live I shall do all I can to save other souls from the curse of drink.'

CROWNING CHRIST.

A TEACHER described to her Sunday-school class of small boys the crown of thorns that was put on the brow of Christ in his mortal trial. Shortly after, one of the class was discovered twining a wreath of rare flowers. Being asked what he was doing, he replied, "Long ago Jesus wore a crown of thorns, and even died for me; and now I am making him a wreath to show how much I love him." The flowers we should put in a wreath for Christ's brow are love, faith and obedience. He said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

FOREVER.

A LITTLE girl, whom we know, came in her night-clothes very early to her mother one morning, saying:

"Which is worse, mamma, to tell a lie or steal?"

The mother, taken by surprise, replied that both were so bad she couldn't tell which was the worse.

"Well," said the little one, "I've been thinking a good deal about it, and I've concluded it's worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing, you can take it back, 'less you've eaten it; and if you've eaten it, you can pay for it. But"—and there was a look of awe in the little face—"a lie is forever."